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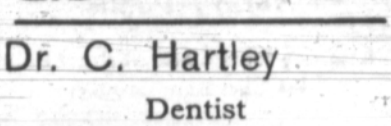
MORO - OREGON.

Talking to Himself

A Scotchman, when asked why he always
talked to himself, replied:
"In the first place, because I like to talk to
an intelligent man.""In the second place, because I always like to
hear an intelligent man talk."
We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons.
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on any other subject.We don't say a word about prices—it goes
without saying that prices are right.
And our work—if it's not right, send it back.
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THE DALLES OREGON

Duncan, P. C.

By EMILE GIRARD.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Emile Girard.

Marion looked up hopefully as the

card was brought her. Even the an-
nouncement of Duncan's name was
comforting. But the little object of
cardboard bore, in addition to the name,
the initials P. C. Perhaps it meant
"penitent culprit." Duncan was al-
ways doing odd things. The magic let-
ters might be his expression of regret.

But when he came briskly into the

room there was no penitential sorrow
in his countenance—only the same mer-
ry twinkle of the eyes, the old lifting
of the corners of the mouth."They tell me that Tad is no bet-
ter," he said as he took Marion's hand.
"As you will perceive from my card, I
am a physician to children."Marion's face darkened. This, then,
was the meaning of the card. He was
worried about her brother. For a mo-
ment she was minded to renew the old
quarrel, but she needed help and sym-
pathy, and so she laid her head on his
shoulder and sobbed out her troubles.

Her father had been obliged to go to

Europe on business and had taken his
wife with him. Marion had been left
in charge of her nine-year-old brother,
and almost before she had passed
Sandy Hook Tad had come down with
typhoid.His robust constitution had thrown
off the disease, but the battle had left
him weak and listless, and even the
gray bearded physician was worried."There is no actual danger," he ex-
plained to Marion, "but he must be
roused from this lethargy or he will go
into a decline."He had confided the same fear to
Henry Duncan when he met the latter
on the street and the younger man had
asked after his little chum. Then, de-
spite the misunderstanding between
Marion and himself, he could hold out
no longer, and his cell was the result."If he should die before mother
comes back, what should I do?" wailed
Marion."Send a cable," advised Duncan
promptly, "but there is not going to be
any more worry now that the phy-
sician to children has stepped in. May I
see my patient?"Marion led him to the boy's room.
Tad's face lighted as he saw Duncan.

Tad fed the elephants.

and his fingers twined confidently
about the man's firm hand. Duncan
was shocked at the thinness of the
fingers, but he gave no sign."What's the matter, old chap?" he
demanded, with a voice now wonder-
fully gentle. "They tell me you don't
like the world any more.""I'm tired," said Tad plaintively.
"A little circus do—'re not be too tired to
go to a circus," said Duncan.

Tad shook his head.

"There ain't any," he said. "I was
saying Dr. Stanton. He says it's too
early for them.""Circuses are no good if they are
picked before they are ripe," admitted
Henry, "but if you don't want too big
a circus I think I can get one for you.""I don't want a play circus," ex-
plained the boy. "I've got some play
circuses. One's in a book, and the other's
in the cupboard.""We got him a toy circus and a circus
book," whispered Marion. "He has
somehow set his mind on a circus. It
will be a long time before one comes.""There are no more circuses," re-
iterated Tad sadly. "They've all gone
away.""Rats!" laughed Duncan. "That shows
you know about circuses. Will a
little circus do—a real circus, only with
one ring?""Real horses, real everything!" de-
manded the boy."Everything except the tent and the
red lanterns. You see, in winter they
keep circuses in houses, so the elephant
won't get his ears frosted. I bet
if you had ears as big as an elephant's
you wouldn't like to get your ears
frosted."The boy laughed in delight at the
fancy and best of the counterpane with
his fragile hand."Then there's the giraffe," went on
Duncan. "Why, when he starts to
cough it's a full minute before it wrig-
gles up his throat. So they keep cir-
cuses in hot-houses, just like plants."

"And there really is a circus?"

"You get rested up and we're going
to one tomorrow," assured Henry.

"Really and truly?"

"Man's word," declared Henry as he

put out his hand. "Now, you get bet-
ter quick, so Dr. Stanton won't say
that you can't come. I'll be here at
11."With a pat on the curly head, he
rose and left the room. Marion fol-
lowed him down the hall."He will be awfully disappointed to-
morrow," she said doubtfully."You leave it to me, and that boy will
be champion scrapper of the block in
another month. I have Stanton's per-
mission to assume the case. He ad-
mits his inability to meet the situation.
My fee is very large, though," he warn-
ed. "It is nothing less than a wife by
a stone man named to a wife by the
name of Marion.""I don't think you will be kept wait-
ing for the fee," she replied, blushing.
"I'm sorry I was so mean.""To am I," he agreed absently. "That
is quick. I mean I am sorry I was
mean. I'll be around the morning."She watched him stride up the street
with his springy step and turned back
into the house greatly comforted.Somewhere Henry Duncan always
brought comfort where he came. She
had been so foolish to allow a petty
misunderstanding to come between
them.Tad was sitting up, ready dressed,
when Henry drove up to the door the
next morning. Already the queer med-
icine had commenced to take effect. He
was fast more like his old self, and a
slight flush of excitement tinged the
cheek that had threatened to fade into
the waxy pallor of death.Duncan wrapped the boy up warmly,
and, with a flourish, announced that
he was fast more like his old self, and a
slight flush of excitement tinged the
cheek that had threatened to fade into
the waxy pallor of death.It was to a place very unlike a circus
that Duncan, a collection of
long, low barns and one large, square
building, but when they entered the
latter, behold, there was a real circus
ring, with a band in one corner, labori-
ously going over unfamiliar music.

Duncan paced the floor.

He led the way to one of the barns,
where Tad fed the elephants and was
permitted to go much closer to the
lion's cage than he could at the big
circus. A man named to a wife by the
name of Marion.He was even permitted to see the
circus shining in their new paint and
was permitted personally to talk with
Manager Boston of the chances of an
early season in the south."Good luck to you," Henry said as
they shook hands in parting. You've
saved one youngster's life, and the sea-
son is not yet open.""It'll be a success," said Boston as
he waved a farewell. "Glad you
brought him out."It was past supper time when Duncan
turned a very sleepy little boy over to
his sister. Tad looked up drowsily as
Marion put him to bed."There is a circus," he announced,
"really and truly one like Henry said.
And I got a lion's tail," he added as
his sleep heavy eyelids closed.Marion came into the parlor, where
Duncan paced the floor."Are you a magician?" she asked
smilingly. Duncan shook his head."I knew Boston was going to take
his show south early this year and get
permission to bring Tad to the dress
rehearsal. Have I earned my fee?""How can you earn what was al-
ready yours?" demanded Marion as he
drew her to him.

Saved From Disgrace.

In one of the old families of Charles-
ton, S. C., writes Mrs. Ravenscroft, there
was an important personage, Jack, the
butler. Jack dispensed with another old
man, Harry, the butler of Mrs. Henry
Izard, the reputation of being the best
and most thoroughly trained servant in
town. From the judging of the wines to
the arrangement of a salted room there
was nothing which these withered
brown potatoes did not decide and
maintain. Nothing would have aston-
ished either more than that master or
mistress should dissent from his ver-
dict.Jack was intolerant of anything
which he considered a breach of the
etiquette of the table. Nothing could
have induced him to serve a gentle-
man before a lady, or a younger before
an elder brother. To place fruit and
wine on a tablecloth instead of on
the mahogany was to him a falling
from grace. On one occasion he was
much annoyed by a senator from the
up country twice asked for rice
with his fish. To the first request he
simply remained deaf; at the second he
bent down and whispered into the
senatorial ear. The genial gentleman
nodded and suppressed a laugh; but
when the servants had left the room he
burst into a roar and cried: "Judge,
you have a treasure! Jack has saved me
from disgrace, from exposing my igno-
rance. He whispered: 'That wouldn't do, sir; we never eat rice
with fish.'"

A Scriptural Bull.

Even the Bible is not free from bulls.
In chapter third-seventh of the book of
Isaiah appears the following confusion
of ideas: "Then the angel of the Lord
went forth, and smote in the camp of
the Assyrians a hundred and four
score and five thousand; and when
they awoke early in the morning, be-
hold, they were all dead corpses."

SPRING BEAUTIES.

By Margaret Richards.

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"Uncle John!"

No answer.

"Uncle John!"

"Uncle John!" He did not put down
his paper, but you knew he was listen-
ing."Do you suppose any 'spring beauties'
have blossomed yet, Uncle John?"Slowly he lifted his eyes and turned
his head to the window. A ray of
warm spring sunshine slanted across
the bare branches of the old elm; at
ready the lawn was tinted here and
there with green. You waited ex-
pectantly, your hand on Guy's great
black head."Too early," and Uncle John disap-
peared again behind the folds of his
paper. At no time was Uncle John's
conversation likely to be adorned with
any unnecessary words.You sighed and stood looking out of
the window, a wistful, disappointed
little girl, looking while the huge New
foundland dog beside you pushed his
cold nose against your hand and licked
your fingers with his great, rough
tongue; looking while the budding map-
le—long-leaved—and the million
tiny voices of spring called to you
and a lovely little bird bordered
with sweet flower faces unfolded it
self invitingly before your mind's eye.You could stand it no longer. With
a happy little cry you ran out of doors
and, faced with Guy along the path,
breathless and rosy you halted to un-
latch the gate. Out of the corner of
your eye you saw the front door open,
but you pretended not to notice, not
even when Uncle John's warning voice
floated to you down the pathway:

"You'll get your feet wet!"

On you went, the spring echoes in
your ears, the spring sunshine in your
eyes, to find your way suddenly block-
ed by a figure in front. Wonderingly
you took your eyes from the glory of a
newly leaved maple to see why the fig-
ure so obstinately stood in one place.

"Hello, little dame!"

A familiar face laughed down at you.

"Oh, Cousin Grace!" you cried de-
lightedly.Cousin Grace did not stay with
Uncle John and Aunt Martha as you
did. She lived with her father and
mother in a house quite at the other
end of the town. Nor was she a little
girl like you, but a beautiful young
lady, with bright sunshiny hair and
wonderful blue eyes, and when she
smiled—the sleeping beauty, you
thought, and Cinderella and the beau-
tiful princess in the tower must all
have looked like Cousin Grace."Where are you going?" she asked,
and you joyfully explained. If she
would come with you she, too, might
pick "spring beauties," you suggested.
And, although she laughingly shook
her head over the flowers, she, too,
must have heard the spring voices, for
she turned and followed you along a
path that wandered away from the
road through clumps of young maples
and silver birches."This is fine!" you cried, racing Guy
to an alder bush, then scampering
back again. A memory of past frolics
enveloped you. "If only Mr. Ned were
here," you mused regretfully.Cousin Grace said nothing, but the
pretty smile faded suddenly from her
lips. You regarded her in astonish-
ment. Could it be possible that she did
not want him too? Why, she and you
and Mr. Ned had always had the
greatest fun. Silently reproachful, you
raised your eyes to her face, and two
tears rolled slowly down your cheeks."I wish you wouldn't look at me like
that," she said almost sharply."But it is your fault. Aunt Martha
said so. She said she guessed you were
sorry enough, now Mr. Ned has gone to
New York, that you fitted so—so you
drew a long breath—so out-
ragedly," you finished, with conscious
pride."Nonsense!" said Cousin Grace, and
you saw that her eyes were very bright
and her cheeks seemed uncommonly
pink. "Nonsense, Aunt Martha should
remember!"She never finished, for with a short
bark Guy made for the little stream,
his tail waving frantically as he disap-
peared behind the rovers of alders skirt-
ing the bank. One look, and with a
sigh you followed him, skippingFrom stone to stone, a short-skirted
freedom.On a rock in the middle of the
stream, tall, broad shouldered, his
clothing wet, his heavy boots streaked
with mud, stood Mr. Ned, his pipe in
his mouth, peacefully fishing."Hello, little dame! How do, Guy,
old boy?" he called gayly, and then he
dropped his line and landing net
abruptly and, cap in hand, leaped
quickly across the stepping stones and
held out his hand to Cousin Grace. He
had run up from New York for a cou-
ple of days' trout fishing, he said, and
was so glad to see his old friends, and
then they sat on the rocks and talked
of such treasured things as game laws
and trout fishing and the greenness of
the willows, while you broke off alder
twigs and threw them in the stream
for Guy to catch.Suddenly Cousin Grace looked
straight up into Mr. Ned's eyes."I hear you are very happy in New
York.""Cheerful in female?" she question-
ed."I see you have found me out," said
Mr. Ned.

"There is somebody?"

"Yes."

"And you really are to be married?"

"In the fall," replied Mr. Ned prompt-
ly."Ned!" Cousin Grace put out her
hand wistfully, her lips trembling—"I
hope you will be happy.""Thank you. I expect to be," said
Mr. Ned."We shall have a cottage in a
pretty suburban town; nothing very
elaborate, just a comfortable, homely
little place with porches and a little
ground. And we shall not be extra-
vagant in the furnishing—just our books
and pictures, a couple of good rugs and
a few pieces of old mahogany," he end-
ed, smiling dreamily upstream."It is late!" Cousin Grace spoke cold-
ly—"and if we are to find 'spring beau-
ties' we must go on!" She rose as she
spoke and gave him her hand and then
went on, although the bright-
ness of the spring day had departed—
went on and left Mr. Ned throwing out
his line and whistling cheerfully.And then you came to the little path
that had unfolded itself before your
mind's eye, a path that pushed through
the alders and willows and stretched
over tiny threads of water that were
dotted away from the little stream.It was there that you found those
clusters of "spring beauties," raising
their delicate flower faces from the
muddy ground. You dropped on your
knees beside them. You laid your face
softly against them, going from cluster
to cluster in an ecstasy of delight.
Not until you had picked a handful of
the frail stalks did you remember
Cousin Grace."I've found them! I've found them!"
you shouted. Still kneeling, you turned
and looked back along the path,
then you rose slowly to your feet.In the middle of the path stood Cousin
Grace and Mr. Ned, both with their
eyes on her, her eyes were still wet, but
she looked beautiful now and was
smiling as Mr. Ned held her hands and
looked down at her."You would not listen to me. I had
to resort to desperate measures," he
said, "and anyhow I wasn't so far out
of the way, for I am going to be mar-
ried in the fall, am I not, sweetest?"You know there has never been—can
never be—any one but you, a true, and
for that we are thankful, but our
arms closed about her.Your eyes grew big with wonder and
delight. You did not understand how
it had happened. You did not care. It
was like a lovely fairy tale. Cousin
Grace was the beautiful princess, and
the prince had but claimed his own.
Wide eyed and happy, you confronted
them, while the pale "spring beauties"
slipped from your fingers and lay upon
the ground unheeded, a silvery, fragrant
offering at love's shrine.

Honor the Old Time School.

Never speak or write of old time
schools in derision. We are in advance
of them in many ways, it is true, and
that we are thankful, but our
thankfulness should be largely mixed
with humility. Those were the schools
of our fathers and grandfathers, and
really it must be admitted that they
were as good as a body entitled to our
respect. They did their best in the
light of that fallow candle. Are we
doing as well in the brilliant blaze shed
upon our path by electricity?They were slow in reaching an objective
point in their ancient method of
teaching. Do we accomplish as much
when we reach our journey's end by
the limited? These are questions which
the youth and middle aged of our day
should ponder.—Western School Jour-
nal.

Weighing as a Game of Chance.

No one can live long in Bombay
without observing the freedom from
restraint that is evident among the
users of scales and weights. Scales of
all sorts may be seen, some with wood-
en beams, evidently homemade, others
of recognized pattern, on which are
used chunks of stone and odd pieces
of iron by way of weights. Silversmiths,
according to the Indian Textile
Journal, still use the red seed of the
acacia or the wild licorice for weigh